

Mike watched with envy as Eddie and Joe climbed onto their bikes. Mike knew how Eddie and Joe had gotten their bikes. Eddie had begged his parents until he got a bright yellow racing bike for his birthday. Joe had pleaded until a blue ten-speed bike had showed up under the Christmas tree. Mike tried begging and pleading with his parents, but he still did not have a bike. The two boys waved merrily at Mike as they headed for home. Mike walked slowly toward home with his head hung low. "It's not fair that Eddie and Joe can have bikes and I can't," thought Mike.

Mike slammed the back door when he got to his house. "I'm home," he said in a loud, unhappy voice. His mother came into the kitchen. "Why do you have such a sad face?" Mike's mother asked. "How come Eddie and Joe have new bikes and I don't?" Mike said with a pout. "Oh, are you still mad about that?" asked his mother. "Well, if you really want a bike, maybe you need to earn some money to buy one. You know your father and I don't have enough money to buy you a bike."

Mike lay on his bed, munching his cookies and thinking about what Mom had said. "Maybe I should get a job and buy my own bike," he thought. "I'm pretty good at mowing lawns, so maybe I could mow people's lawns to make some money." The more Mike thought about the idea, the better he liked it. "I'll buy my own bike and show Eddie and Joe who has the nicest bike in town."

The next day, Mike went from door to door in his neighborhood. At each house, he gave the neighbor a slip of paper with his name, phone number, and price list for lawn services on it. Soon the phone began to ring, and Mike found that lots of people wanted their grass

mowed or their hedge cut for a good price. Mike came home each evening dirty and hot but with more money in his pocket for a bike.

At last the summer came to an end. Mike pulled the money box from underneath his bed and counted up all of the money he had earned. "Mom, guess what," Mike called from his bedroom. "I earned \$100.00 this summer!" Mom took Mike down to the bike shop that afternoon, and Mike picked out a big, red ten-speed bicycle. Mike felt very proud of himself. At last he could ride bikes with his friends and not have to walk home. Best of all, he had paid for his bike with the money he had earned himself.

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